

# SCOTT COUNTY KICKER

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## IN THE SOUTHEAST.

### What the People are Doing in Other Counties that are Near.

Cape Tribune.—Sam Small, an undisciplined lineal descendant of Ham, who lives in the extreme southern part of the city, yesterday had a misunderstanding with a large goat on Rock Levee road, just south of the rock crusher. The darkey was headed toward the business section of the city and was walking briskly. In his right hand he carried a fiddle and bow and he was holding a small bundle in the left. Sam beheld the bewhiskered goat partaking of a meal of vegetables and evergreens on the commons, but he passed on without as much as noticing the quadruped. The goat, which answered to the name of "Willy," felt keenly the apparent snub. "Willy" left his breakfast and started to join Sam. The colored man, who was humming that famous plantation melody, "chicken," but did not know the goat was in perils until he was struck amidship. The fiddle was hurled to the side of the road, and the negro scrambled to his feet and started to run. The goat leaped into the colored man's abdomen again, knocking him down, and before the darkey could arise, the goat committed assault and battery on him. Finally the darkey seized his property by the whiskers and jerked them strenuously, and before the beast could recover his composure, the negro was on his feet and moving rapidly. He reached a big oak tree with the goat only one jump in the rear. Sam leaped into the air and seized a limb.

Dexter Messenger.—The farmers are just getting through harvesting their wheat crop, and a great deal of it has been delivered to the mills. It has been sold at a little better than a dollar per bushel. The wheat crop in volume is larger than last year, and the quality is well up to last year's crop, which was considered an unusually good one for this section. The farmers, as a whole, are well pleased with the yield. In a few sections the yield was cut short by the Hessian fly, but taken as a whole, it is generally conceded that this is the best wheat crop that the county has ever raised. This is more especially true in regard to the quality. Many reports came to us of eight-econ bushels from divers and sundry farm and sections. The best yield which has been reported to us is that of Lee Williams, whose average from 375 acres run above 28 bushels per acre.

Ironton Register.—And now is said that the Rev. Billy Sunday was financed through the efforts of the mine owners in his recent Evangelist (O. Evangelism, what travesties are known in this name!) visit to Colorado. Also, that in Philadelphia the Hon. John Wannamaker and other employers of labor put up liberally for him. In the Metropolitan Magazine Mr. John Reed in his article on Sunday's revivals says he asked Mr. Baldwin of the Baldwin Locomotive Works why Sunday had been brought to Philadelphia. "Social unrest," said Mr. B., "is largely due to the working-man's envy of those who make a little more money than he does. Now Billy Sunday makes people look to the salvation of their own souls; and when a man is looking after his soul's good, he forgets his selfish desire to become rich."

Until after the campaign of next year the editors of the party organs will take it easy. The party press bureaus have started up to furnish "editorials" to take the place of those ten-cents-a-yard patent medicine readers. The papers that got the constitutional amendments graft last fall are especially pressed into service to boost Cornelius Roach for reelection. Since this graft produced \$600 for each party "selected" by secretary of state, with prospects of more next year, we may expect the pounding to be very heavy. And not until this system of controlling the press is abolished will the people get any honest news.

They have township organization in Stoddard county and the different townships let their funds to the bank that offers the highest interest. The township in which Dexter is located let its funds at 4-10 per cent. When the people of the different townships of Scott county get wise enough, they may conclude to run their own affairs. Instead of coming here and standing in line for hours at tax-paying time, each township could have its own collector, as well as assessor. The matter was voted on in this county four years ago, and the Kicker was the only paper to favor it.

East Prairie Eagle.—There have been fifty-one car loads of wheat shipped out of East Prairie up until last night. From all sources of information regarding the average yield per acre is this, Mississippi county, it appears that 22 bushels is generally conceded. Some wheat in the county averaged 47 bushels. Much of the wheat around Wyatt and Benton averaged thirty bushels and better. Only on late wheat was the yield less than fifteen bushels per acre.

Up at Fredericktown it is a crime for men to buy a keg or case of beer and congregate to consume it. The buying of beer may be legally done outside the county, but an ordinance prohibits purchasers from congregating to drink it. I believe that our present political system is disgusting just about all who think it over. It seems that in all communities either the church or saloon rules. If it is the saloon, and it has a safe majority, then there is a wide open town and run rules. If it is the church, then the way you curl your hair must be regulated by law—and the hypocrite flourishes. That the liquor traffic is evil, even the traffickers admit. But why do the reformers see only the working farmer while the evil rent, interest and profit? Their bible says there is. Why don't they preach it? There is not a saloon in the southern half of Scott county. Yet no where else are the masses so helplessly poor. What the saloon formerly got, the landlord now takes.

Pemiscot Argus.—Dr. H. T. Byars has been conducting an experiment with Sudan grass this season, having three rows next to the fence of his experimental plot of ground. From that he cut recently the first crop, securing 225 pounds of hay. As the ground measured one sixty-second of an acre, the yield would be about 13,950 pounds per acre, or nearly seven tons. The yield is almost phenomenal. Dr. Byars says, too, that cattle are very fond of the hay and seemingly prefer it to other sorts of feed.

Cape Tribune.—Ben Goelker, a prominent farmer of St. Genevieve county, was killed by a Frisco passenger train as it drew up to the depot in St. Mary's at 11:50 o'clock last night. Goelker had been in town during the afternoon and had stated that he was waiting until the arrival of the train last night as he expected some machine repairs by express. A few minutes before the arrival of the train he was seen walking in the direction of the depot, and nothing further was seen of him until his mutilated body was dragged from beneath the wheels of the locomotive.

Bloomfield Vindicator.—John Pinegar, living a few miles north of this city, had the misfortune Wednesday of losing both his home and barn by fire. The fire caught in the flue at noon while Mrs. Pinegar was cooking dinner, and fanned by a stiff breeze the whole house was a blaze before it was discovered. Very little of anything was saved. A short while later sparks from the burning house set the barn on fire and this, too, with its contents was burned.

Ironton Register.—Otto Hult, a former resident of Ironton county, was killed at a picnic at Desloge in St. Francois county last Saturday afternoon by Sam Doss, a reform preacher and former detective, and former sport and well known character. Doss claims that Hult first cut him with a knife. The picnic, it seems was a sort of "wet" and "dry" gathering. Doss is dry and Hult was wet.

The last legislature passed a law making it illegal for anyone to put out misleading or fraudulent advertising. It is called the Honest Advertising Law. The newspapers do not lie in their advertising columns any more than in their editorial columns. Maybe they will enlarge on this law next time. "Ye editor" may not see that this may be the entering wedge to "regulate" the press.

Jackson Items.—Some roses fade before they fairly bloom. Missouri's attorney-general's gubernatorial race is a case in point. When the Supreme Court dismissed his twenty-million dollar suit against the railroads it also placed Mr. Barker's candidacy in cold storage. To become governor of Missouri, its citizens should require something more than spectacular plays to the galleries.

During three days of last week, in the immediate neighborhood of Poplar Bluff, three men were killed and one wounded so badly that it is not expected he will recover, by being run over by the cars.

OVERLOOKED SOMETHING. What is the matter with the police and the daily press? Prof. Holt attempted to assassinate J. I. Morgan, and when he was arrested the police failed to provide themselves with "Socialist and anarchist literature," so as to be able to say they found it on him. But even then there was no excuse for the capitalist papers overlooking such an opportunity. A story could have been fixed up just as well without as with the literature—and a few years ago they did it.

I have not noticed that Holt even attended any Socialist lecture, or anything of the sort. Funny, isn't it? What's wrong? Is the "law and order" tactics of our European friends having effect?

WHY IS HE? The reason the capitalist is tolerated is because the part he plays in real production is not understood by the masses. He plays no useful part, and only consumes the surplus, or profits. He is the owner of the means of production, and for their use he takes all but a bare living for the really useful and necessary workers.

Among us in Scott county our capitalists are mostly the owners of land. Generally speaking, they are as good as the capitalists of any other community, and some of them are really generous toward their tenants. But all live well, and their living must come from their investments—the land. The only real riches we have lies in the earth. From it comes the crops, the timber, the oil, the coal, the mineral and so on. On it stands our homes. The homes should be privately owned, and productive land should be owned only by those who actually use it—the working farmer, while the oil, timber and mineral lands should be the property of all the people—the government.

The system of private ownership in land comes to us from barbarism. But even then there were no deeds and the land was possessed collectively by the tribe that was strong enough to hold it. Had there been a few men of the tribe who owned the land and collected rent from the rest, the barbarians would not have been so foolish as we—and fourthly, we retain the land for its private owners.

It was not until the dawning of so-called civilization that real private property in land set in. To protect this property it required the state—and it is then that we first hear of the "divine right" of kings, bishops, etc.

Up to this time all matters outside the tribe were settled on the battle field. Their weapons were crude—the most formidable being swords and spears. There were no class distinctions because all had a common interest in what they possessed, and fought in common to defend it. The only subject, people, or slaves, were those captured from other tribes.

No "heathen" would make of his brother "heathen" a slave. It took the Pagans, from whom our so-called "Christianity" is copied, to do that.

It is not until after we leave barbarism that we find class distinctions within the tribe. The "Holy man" squirts some religious oil on the "noodle" of a warrior chief, and the chief is "annointed" king, and ordained of God.

The king then divides the land among his favorite warriors, and here appear your lords, nobles, dukes, counts, and so on, who pay tribute to the king and kindly allow the rest of the people to work the land on shares.

To do this, of course, it was necessary to first saturate the masses with superstition about "divine rights." That is easy among primitive people. And not until about the time of the American revolution was this divine right nonsense shot to pieces by the people of France. Soon after the laughing queen jeeringly said of the masses who were starving, "If they haven't got bread, why don't they eat cake?"

Both the church and the state were drowned in a sea of blood. However the capitalists have substituted something just as good as the divine right of kings humbug and means the same thing. They call it "the sacred rights of property." And to enforce this substitute they have the courts and the army, that the propertyless class must support.

A DIM VISION. Bulgaria would like to get into the war game if she could get enough to justify her to make the leap. After all, the whole European scrap is a game of greed, backed up by the hate and ambitions of six nations. And now it is a game of who can win by fair or foul means, mostly the latter.

It does no good for me to ask information of the different editors with whom I exchange. They treat my "visionary" ideas with "silent contempt." But Bro. Watkins is a very able man, and I am going to risk a shot at him. You say that the European war is "a game of greed, backed up by the hate and ambitions of six nations. And now it is a game of who can win by fair or foul means—mostly the latter."

You have stated conditions in Europe exactly—except that there are eleven nations involved. Will you now please tell a benighted dreamer wherein the game you describe differs from the cause that produces it—competition? Have you described anything that is not met with every day in the business world—except in a smaller way?

War is competition gone to seed. It is our commercial system with its clothes off. And so long as the system exists, wars are unavoidable—no matter how much you may prattle and pray for peace.

A SPIRITED "INTERVIEW." Friday morning as I walked down the side-walk I was halted in front of the south entrance to the court house by John McWilliams, who had his hand in his right pocket—presumably on "the law." I do not remember just how he opened the conversation, but, generally, it was a demand that I cease misrepresenting him in connection with the libel suit.

I saw he was excited, and told him so, and suggested that he was in no proper frame of mind to discuss matters then.

That only seemed to irritate him more, and, pointing a finger of his left hand at me, said: "I want to tell you now that if you do it any more, by God, you'd better pay up your life insurance and kiss Jennie good-bye."

That sounded mighty anarchistic to me—coming from one who had only recently been the public prosecutor. Some may consider it very brave talk, but when you consider that it was directed at the working farmer, while the law and not a political friend in the town, it may not appear so brave.

Again I insisted that he wait until he cooled down and I would talk the matter over with him at any time; that I had nothing against him, personally, and had said nothing against him, personally.

A great many people do not understand the difference between a public matter and a private matter. Men may differ violently on public matters, yet be good friends personally. The constitutional guarantees of the freedom of speech, of the press and of the pulpit, are supposed to produce such a result, but the tendency to wipe out this distinction has its root in capitalist politics. They have only class issues and set the people to quarrelling over "THE MAN." That makes it personal. They never hurrah for this or that principle, but for this or that man.

To my assurance that I had no personal quarrel with him, Mr. McWilliams shook his head. "That won't do," he said. "You have said that I was used as a cat's paw. Could you have any respect for a man who knowingly allowed himself to be used as a cat's paw?"

I am not sure that this is the exact language, but very near it. However, he appeared a little cooler and I again suggested that we talk it over some other time, to which he replied, "Never—this is the last," and he went into the court house.

I hardly know what to make of this latest move. When a person has been legally persecuted and commercially and religiously boycotted, as I have been, has he no right to appeal to that higher court—the people? The libel suit was, of course, the climax. At that time I did not believe that could find a jury in Scott county that would qualify under oath and give judgment against me.

They did—and the Appellate court said it was all wrong. On June 11, 1911, in discussing the case, the Kicker had this to say:

"In discussing this case I want it understood that I have no ill-will toward, nor quarrel with John McWilliams. I have never had. When the suit was filed, it will be remembered that the Kicker said, 'I feel that the party is using John McWilliams as the goat,' and advised him not to contract for any diamonds on the strength of the money he expected to get out of that suit."

But the suit was brought in his name hence reference to him is unavoidable. I cannot believe that Mr. McWilliams feels that I have any personal feeling against him, or that I have desired to injure him.

The foregoing is what I had to say just after the case had been continued for the first time, and if I had harbored any personal feeling against Mr. McWilliams, I would not have written in that strain. All along I have regarded the matter as a political affair, with my political enemies in control of the "works." And that is why I wanted to talk the matter over quietly. Men may be ever so sure they are right, and yet be wrong. On no occasion have I said that Mr. McWilliams was being used knowingly, and so far as it was possible in the discussion of the matter, his name was avoided.

Nor have I any personal quarrel with others that took part in the suit, or who differ with my views. They are not to blame for the views they may hold. It is their training and education. They believe in vengeance. They believe in war. Unconsciously, they believe that might makes right. They even believe, or pretend to, that a merciful and just God will send "fire from heaven" to destroy your home, your stock, or your innocent children, because YOU are a "bad" man and refuse to listen to them! Toward such misguided souls I bear no malice.

To engage in a personal brawl with those who differ with the political views of the Kicker would be foolish. I would have even less chance than in their courts. I am not anxious to commit suicide.

In a battle of brains I will meet them singly or collectively.

All else proves nothing.

SILAS KNEW THE WORLD. Mrs. Highbrow—"Ferdinand has just received his degree of doctor of laws." Uncle Silas—"Doctor of laws, eh? I always knew our laws had been doctored an awful lot, but I thought the legislature done it—Read the unuzzled Kicker."

A REAL JOKER. Sometimes I take time to read a capitalist editorial—when it does not carry the brand of the factory. Their jumble of ideas are often amusing. The Citizen-Democrat of Poplar Bluff is threatened with a boycott of the liquor traffic and contained a column about it last week. In the first paragraph the editor says: "The man who stands for nothing or is afraid to assert his opinion and convictions, is worth nothing to himself or the public."

That sounds bold and defiant. Doesn't it? A little further down appears this paragraph: "We merely dared to tell the truth, making no declaration of war on the rum traffic, but condemning excessive use of liquor. If the liquor interests intend this action, 'cutting off diplomatic relations' a declaration of war, the C-D will of course be guided accordingly and we will start a bombardment of their positions and it is common notoriety that their positions will not stand much bombardment."

In other words if the liquor element will be good and continue to patronize the paper, there will be no hostilities. But if the liquor interests don't do this, then "we will start a bombardment of their position."

That is capitalist morality with its clothes off. If it pays, it's all right. And the editor appeals to the "good people" to get ready for the bombardment—in case the saloons fail to "come across." Here is another paragraph:

"Now this newspaper is daring to do what we are going to ask the followers of the Cross to do—TAKE A STAND. If you are not willing to follow the flag, drop out of the rank and go to the recruiting office of some other force, perhaps under the Crescent flag which stands for the religion of the sword."

No use bothering about the funny page of a Sunday paper when you can have such as this. The Crescent, he says, stands for the religion of the sword. I wish he would take a peep at "Christian" Europe and tell us what the Cross stands for?

The Crescent is the flag of the Turk—Mohammedanism. And the poor "heathen" had to get into the mess as an ally of Germany to keep from being swallowed by Christian Russia.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. Cramps in the stomach are frequently relieved by applying hot cloths over the pit of the stomach, or a mustard plaster.

For indigestion a pinch or two of bicarbonate of soda in a cup of hot water, slowly sipped will often dispel the gas and relieve the pressure from the stomach and on the heart. Where vomiting is accompanied by indigestion small pieces of ice held in the mouth or swallowed will often relieve it. Again, a piece of ice in a cloth held over the seat of the pain causes it to disappear.

When these remedies fail, try a mustard plaster. Massaging the stomach and between the shoulders sometimes relieves the gas.

For sore throat gargle with salt water or a strong antiseptic wash. Apply cold cloths rung out of cold water and wrapped closely about the throat. Cover with dry cloths so that no wet portion reaches the air. As the bandage dries and becomes warm quickly renew. Sore throats are so treacherous that when they are not quickly relieved, it is best to seek immediate medical aid.

In case of fainting lay the person flat, head lower than the body, and have plenty of fresh air. Remove or loose all tight clothing. Water is generally sprinkled on the face and smelling salts, spirits of camphor or ammonia are held under the nostrils, without touching them. As this may scald the skin. The limbs are elevated and rubbed toward the body.

When the sufferer is slowly reviving apply gentle heat of mustard plaster at the pit of the stomach. After recovery, a cup of hot tea, coffee or a moderate quantity of whiskey or wine diluted with water may be given. A flat position is retained for some time after recovery. To prevent fainting, bending the head forward, bending the knees, is sometimes effectual, but should not be employed after fainting has occurred.

For a cold on the chest, a hot bath or foot bath and a large mustard or spice plaster is applied. The patient should perspire from every pore and remain covered, as a chill would be dangerous. A purgative is given and nourishment, as meat broth or warm milk. Unless there is rapid improvement, and all pain disappears, a physician should be summoned.—Milwaukee Leader.

PRESENTED WRONG END Two Germans were neighbors and one owned a dog which was rather cross, remarks an exchange. One day the dog came at the neighbor rather savagely and was met with the sharp end of a pitchfork. This seemed to anger the owner of the dog, who rushed out and shouted, "Vat fey you use the sharp end on my dog? Vy don't you use the other end?" And the neighbor replied, "Vell, vy don't your dog come at me mit the other end?"

Don't let the good clothes that cover a worthless carcass deceive you. He is taller—made.

THE "SHIFTLESS TENANT." From the Texas Rebel.

From the Farm & Ranch. The Southern Ruralist, and a whole slough of landlord-controlled farm papers that so far as dealing with the land question is concerned, are not worth powder enough to blow them over the fence, from time to time run idiot-oriais and news stories dealing with what they term the shiftlessness of the tenant. Said shiftlessness consisting in the unquestioned fact they don't keep up the fences, they don't dig wells, they don't conserve the soil or do a hundred and one other things that "thrifty," "patriotic," "home-loving" people should do and thus an indictment is drawn against the majority of tenants and an excuse is found for the maintenance of the institution of landlordism.

Say these good phrases: "Don't you see that these people that work our land are sorry 'tackey' would rather live out of a paper sack, and consequently they are in the shape they are in. Whereas, if they were like ME, that uses my brains and energy, they could all own fine farms. But you see them. Just look at them. They don't want to work any more than they have to and that's the reason we have a tenant system."

To make matters worse the Galveston News, semi-weekly edition, and the semi-weekly edition of the other dailies all over the cotton kingdom, continuously keep up this cry of shiftlessness. So that the game will be properly played all around the average country preacher who doesn't know any better because he has mistaken a physical and intellectual laziness for a "call" to preach, proceeds to parrot-like repeat the utterances of the farm papers, the semi-weeklies, and the lawyers, and politicians who have snug berths in the courthouse square.

The Rebel would like to point out that the tenant and the mortgagee farmer who makes up more than three-fourths of the tillers of the soil in the South is not shiftless. He is sensible. Aye, he is even human. Did he keep up the fences, did he dig wells instead of carrying tank water, did he make the farm as productive as the wildest dream of the most vicious landlord could desire, the result would be his rent would be increased the following year, his industry will be submitted to a frightful tax, and if somebody did not rent the farm from under him the landlord would get his tax by increasing the rent. The tenant knows this to his sorrow. He has seen it a thousand times. His father before him has seen it. Then why should the tenant expect himself without hope of reward. Being human he doesn't work any more than he has to, and then, God knows, he works hard enough for less compensation than any other class of labor in America. Because not only his own labor, but that of his wife and children is added to gather the crop.

For this position of the tenant there is found philosophic reason, which might be summed up in the statement of the great land authority, Arthur Young who utters a truth that appeals to the reason of every thinking man. He said:

"Give a man the secure possession of a bleak rock and he will turn it into a garden; give him a nine year lease on a garden and he will convert it into a desert."

And so when a man has a one-year lease that can be terminated earlier and most rental contracts provide, and the landlord demands the right to enter the place at any time for divers reasons that he sets forth, possession of the soil is not even a nine year lease and the result is that the incentive being lacking, production is cut to the bone and the blind leaders of the blind in the form of farm editors and farm "experts" and the rest of the miserable pack, add to the misery of the tenants lot by crying, "the shiftless." Whereas he only obeys an instinct that is as natural in the realm of psychology as the law of gravitation in the domain of physics.

Give us a legislature that is not controlled by landlords and speculators; give us a governor whose heart is not cankered with gold, and whose brain is not bounded by the limits of "eighty per cent." Give us a powerful press to fight the renters' battles, educate his progeny, and sing his songs. Then the revolutionary land amendment will become part of the organic statutory law of the state. Then the land will be thrown open for settlement for bona-fide home owners who will sit in secure possession of their larders and penates under their own vine and fig tree. And then from the Cumberlandians to the Gulf, the "shiftless" man on the farm will be as extinct as the dodo, because the reason for shiftlessness will be in the light of beneficent legislation disappear like mist before the morning sun.

POOR WOMAN. "She's a nervous wreck because her husband talks in his sleep so much."

"You mean the loss of sleep has injured her health?"

"It isn't the loss of sleep that is sending her to a sanitarium, but the fact that her husband mumbles and she can't understand what he says."—Age Herald.

BACK TO THE CAVE. Everything moves forward—except government. In an air ship age we are hampered along with our-out laws. That is because our laws are framed and interpreted by lawyers, and the lawyer is guided by precedent.

The benches of our fossil courts are filled with lawyers. Good enough men, I guess, but to them there is nothing new under the sun. Always back to the cave.

I was amused at reading an account of the action of the state supreme court in which the Cape Republican is interested, of which that paper says:

"The opinion is a long one and in it Judge Farris ransacked the law of every state and went back and reviewed the laws of other countries for at least 200 years, judging from the citations."

To decide a question of law in a free republic, a supreme court goes back to the laws of king-ruled monarchies written many years before the republic was established.

JESUS, THE AGITATOR. By Eugene V. Debs. It is clear to every seeker of the truth that Jesus of Nazareth was a labor agitator and social rebel and that this was the real cause of his crucifixion as a felon. A carpenter by trade and at a time when labor was virtual slavery, he knew the meaning of oppression and poverty and woe, and there is not a doubt that his great heart went out in deepest sympathy to his own suffering class and that his outraged soul rebelled against the system of extortion and robbery of which they were the victims.

He did not associate with the rich except to rebuke and scourge them. The suffering poor, the unfortunate, the derelict, in their poverty and misery, could commit no excess he would not excuse. All his disciples were chosen by Jesus from his own class, the tolling class, the "lower class" in which he was born and to which he remained loyal and steadfast to the day of his death.

Jesus was accused of blasphemy and of "spreading a false religion." This was but the pious pretense of the Pharisees to poison the minds of the ignorant and superstitious against him. He was dangerous to the money-changers, the extortioners, the plunderers of the poor, and he lashed them with whips of fire, and it is they who with the connivance of their high priests and other retainers brought false charges against him and plotted his cruel death.

The naked truth is that Jesus was crucified for inciting his fellow-slaves to rebellion against their arrogant and merciless masters, and today the lineal descendants of those same masters who murdered him as a dangerous agitator profess to worship him because he died that they might be made immaculate in the blood of the lamb.

Jesus loved the poor, among whom he was born with a holy passion and fiercely hated their rich and respectable despisers, and were he to return today and attack the gamblers of Wall street as he did the money-changers in the Temple, the very gentry who now profess to be his meek and lowly followers, and worship in his name, would be the first to rise up and demand his blood, and the only mercy they would show him as a result of twenty centuries of Christian civilization would be the substitution of a crucifixion for crucifixion.

WAR DEBTS. From the Milwaukee Leader.

Will Europe ever pay its war debts? Is a question that is receiving serious consideration among the financiers of the world. They recognize that the burden is mounting so high that with peace there is likely to come repudiation. If the war shall continue until the combatants shall be exhausted, revolution almost inevitably will follow on the heels of peace.

The question of what Europe will do may be better answered when we consider what it can do. It is not, will the debt be paid, but can it be paid?

At the beginning of the war, the debts of most of the European nations had reached a figure where their existence had come to be looked upon as permanent. A year ago there was no idea that the British government would ever undertake to pay the public debt. The settled policy was to meet the interest and refund the debt as it fell due. It had been gradually growing larger even in peace.

Since the war began, the public debt of Great Britain has more than doubled. The debts of every other nation involved are reaching colossal proportions. And the war has not ended—the end is not even in sight.

There are some things that can't be done and among the things that may be set down as impossible will be the ability of the people of Europe to pay the war debts, which their governments are now obligating them to pay.

There are only three ways of acquiring wealth: First, to create it with your own labor; second, to have it given to you; and third, to steal it. Those who create it with their own labor rest their case here; the multi-millionaire can now take the stand and explain how he got his.